Beyond the Frontier

By RANDALL PARRISH

Adele la Chemayne, a belle of New France, is among conspirators at her uncle's house. Cassion, the commissaire, has enlisted her Uncle Chevet's ald against La Salle. D'Artigny, La Salle's friend, offers his services as guide to Cassion's party on the journey to the wilderness. The uncle informs Adele that he has betrothed her to Cassion and forbids her to see D'Artigny again. In quebe Adele visits her friend, Sister Coleste, who brings D'Artigny ber. She tells him her story and he vows to release her from the bargain with Cassion. D'Artigny leaves promising to see her at the dance. Cassion escorts Adele to the hall. She meets the governor La Barre, and hears him warn the commissaire against D'Artigny, D'Artigny's licket to the ball has been recalled, but he gains entrance by the window. Adele informs him of the governor's words to Cassion. For her eavesdropping at the hall Adele is ordered by the governor to marry Cassion at once and to accompany him to the fillnois country. He summons chevet and direct that he attend them on the journey. They leave in the bond has deleved and direct that he attend them on the journey. They leave in the bonds, Adele informy, whom she noves. Cassion and D'Artigny have words. Uncle Chevet for the first time hears that his nices is an helress, and begins to suspect Cassion's motives.

A man marries a girl against her will. She determines to be his wife only in name, and, though associated with him constantly in a company of rough men in the wilderness, plans to keep her maidenhood until death parts them. Commissionaire Cassion is equally determined to enjoy matrimony to the fullest. Their first clash is described in this installment.

Commissionaire Cassion accuses his bride of intimacy with Rene d'Artigny. This she indignantly denies, but expresses a fear for the young man's safety.

CHAPTER VII-Continued.

"You appear greatly concerned over his safety." "Not at all; so far as I have ever

heard the Sleur d'Artigny has heretofore proven himself quite capable of sustaining his own part. "Tis more like I am concerned for you."
"For me? You fool! Why, I was

a swordsman when that lad was at his mother's knee." He laughed, but with ugly gleam of teeth. "Sacre! I hate such play acting. But enough of quarrel now; there is sufficient time ahead to bring you to your senses, and a knowledge of who is your mas-Hugo Chevet, come here."

My uncle climbed the bank, his rifle in hand, with face still bloated and red from the drink of the night before. Behind him appeared the siender black-robed figure of the Jesuit. his eyes eager with curiosity. It was sight of the latter which caused Cassion to moderate his tone of com-

"You will go with Chevet," he said. pointing to the fire among the trees, "until I can talk to you alone."

"No; a guest," sarcastically, "but do not overstep the courtesy."

We left him in conversation with the pere, and I dld not even glance back. Chevet breathed heavily, and I caught the mutter of his voice. "What meaneth all this chatter?" he asked gruffly. 'Must you two quarrel so soon?" "Why not?" I retorted. "The man

bears me no love; 'tis but gold he thinks about."

"Gold!" he stopped and slapped his thighs. "'Tis precious little of that he will ever see then."

"And why not? Was not my father a land owner?" "Ay! till the king took it."



We Left Him With the Pere, and Did Not Even Glance Back.

Then even you do not know the bruth. I am glad to learn that, for I have dreamed that you sold me to this coxcomb for a share of the spoils.

"What? a share of the spoils! Bah! I am no angel, girl, nor pretend to a virtue more than I possess. There is puffing out the blue smoke. truth in the thought that I might benefit by your marriage to Monsieur Cassion, and, by my faith, I see no wrong In that. Have you not cost me heavily in these years? Why should I not nies? Wherefore is that a erime? Were you my own daughter I could do no less, and this man is not Ill to look upon, a fair-spoken gallant, end of La Barre's, chosen by hin for special service-"

"And with influence in the fur

"All the better that," he confir obstinately. "Why should a girl ob-ject if her husband be rich?"

knew it not?" But he is not rich." I said plainly.

an actor playing a part assigned him by the governor; while you and I do the same. Listen, Monsieur Chevet, the property at St. Thomas is mine by legal right, and it was to gain possession that this wretch sought my hand."

"Your legal right?" "Ay, restored by the king in special order."

"It is not true: I had the records searched by a lawyer, Monsieur Gautier of St. Anne."

I gave a gesture of indignation. "A country advocate at whom those n authority would laugh. I tell you what I say is true; the land was restored, and the fact is known to La overheard talk last night between the that stream, Altudah?" governor and his aide-de-camp, Colone! Delguard-you know him?"

Chevet nodded, his interest stirred. They thought themselves alone, and were laughing at the success of their trick. I was hidden behind the heavy curtains at the window, and every word they spoke reached my ears. Then they sent for Cassion." "But where is the paper?"

"I did not learh; they Lave it hidden, to doubt, awaiting the proper time to produce it. But there is such a document: La Barre explained that clearly, and the reason why he wished Cassion to marry me. They were all three talking when an accident happened, which led to my discovery."

"Ah! and so that was what hurried the wedding, and sent me on this wiid wilderness chase. They would bury ne in the woods-sacre!-"

"Hush now-Cassion has left the anoe already, and we can talk of this Let us seem to suspect noth-

This was the first meal of many eaten together along the river bank n the course of our long journey, yet he recollection of that scene rises efore my memory now with peculiar vividness. Cassion had divided us into groups, and, from where I had found resting place, with a small flat rock for table, I was enabled to see the others scattered to the edge of the bank, and thus learned for the first it is dangerous only by reason of time the character of those with whom I was destined to companion on the long journey. There were but four of us in that first group, which included Pere Allouez, a silent man, ingering his cross, and barely touching food. His face under the black cowl was drawn, and creased by strange lines, and his eyes burned with vagueness. If I had ever dreamed of him as one to whom I might turn for counsel, the thought instantly van-

ished as our glances met. is, while their companions, divided youd." into two groups, were gathered at the other extremity of the ridge, the soldiers under discipline of their own underofficers, and the Indians watched over by Sieur D'Artigny, who my instructions and maps, and no rested, however, slightly apart, his doubt is correct. That will be all. gaze on the broad river. Never once Take two more men in your boat and while I observed did he turn and depart at once. We shall follow imglance my way. I counted the men, mediately." as I endeavored to eat, scarcely heeding the few words exchanged by those about me. The Indians numbered ten, including their chief, whom Cassion called Altuda. Chevet named them as Algonquins from the Ottawa, treacherous rascals enough, yet with expert knowledge of watercraft.

Altudah was a tall savage, wrapped in gaudy blanket, his face rendered sinister and repulsive by a scar the full length of his cheek, yet he spoke French fairly well and someone said that he had three times made journey to Mackinac, and knew the waterways. There were 24 soldiers, including a sergeant and corporal, of the regiment of Picardy; active fellows enough, and accustomed to the frontier, although they gave small evidence of discipline, and their uniforms were in shocking condition. The sergeant was a heavily built, stocky man, but the others were rather undersized, and of little spirit. The same thought must have been in the minds of others, for the expression on Monsieur Cassion's face was not pleasant as he stared about.

"Chevet," he exclaimed disgustedly, 'did ever you see a worse selection for wilderness travel than La Barre has given us? Cast your eyes down the ine yonder; by my faith! there is not a real man among them."

Chevet, who had been growling to himself, with scarce a thought other than the food before him, lifted his

"No worse than all the scum. De Baugis had no better with him, and La Salle led a gang of outcasts. With right leadership you can make them do men's work. 'Tis no kid-glove job you have, Monsieur Cassion."

The insulting indifference of the old fur trader's tone surprised the commissaire, and he exhibited resentment. "You are overly free with your comments, Hugo Chevet, When I wish

advice I will ask it." "And in the woods I do not always wait to be asked," returned the older man, lighting his pipe, and calmis it is likely enough you will be asking for it before you journey many leagues further."

"You are under my orders." "So La Barre said, but the only duty he gave me was to watch over Adele here. He put no shackle on my tongue You have chosen your course?

"Yes, up the Ottawa." "I suppose so, although that boy yonder could lead you a shorter pas-

"How learned you that?" By talking with him in Quebec oute he traveled with La Saile. You

"Twas of no moment, for my or-

the chief also." He turned to the tended his hand. nearest soldier. "Tell the Algonquin, Altudah, to come here, and Sleur d'Artigny."

They approached together, two specimens of the frontier as different as could be pictured, and stood silent, fronting Cassion, who looked at them frowning, and in no pleasant humor. The eyes of the younger man sought my face for an instant, and the swift giance gave harsher note to the com-

nissaire's voice. "We will reload the canoes here for the long voyage," he said brusquely. "The sergeant will have charge of that, but both of you will be in the leading boat, and will keep well in Barre and to Cassion. It is this fact advance of the others. Our course is which has caused all our troubles. I by way of the Ottawa. You know

> The Indian bowed his head gravely and extended one hand beneath the scarlet fold of his blanket.

"Five time, monsieur." "How far to the west, chief?"

"To place call Green Bay," Cassion turned his eyes on D'Artiny, a slight sneer curling his lips. "And you?" he asked coldly.

"But one journey, monsieur, along the Ottawa and the lakes," was the quiet answer, "and that three years ago, yet I scarce think I would go astray. 'Tis not a course easily forgotten.

"And beyond Green Bay?" "I have been to the mouth of the reat river."

"You!" in surprise. "Were you of that party?"

"Yes, monsleur." "And you actually reached the seathe salt water?"

"Yes, monsieur." "Saint Anne! I never half believed the tale true, nor do I think overmuch of your word for it. But let that go, Chevet here tells me you know

horter journey to the Illinois?" "Not by canoe, monsieur. I fol wed Sieur de la Salle by forest trail o the straits, and planned to return that way, but 'tis a foot journey." "What will be your course from

Green Bay?" "Along the west shore, monsieur:

"And the distance?" "From St. Ignace?"

"Ay! from St. Ignace! What disance lies between there and this Fort St. Louis on the Illinois?"

"Twill be but a venture, monsieur, but I think 'tis held at a hundred and fifty leagues." "Of wilderness?" "When I passed that way-yes; they

tell me now the Jesuits have mission

station at Green Bay, and there may A soldier and two Indians served be fur traders in Indian villages be-"No chance to procure supplies?"

"Only scant rations of corn from the Indians." "Your report is in accordance with

CHAPTER VIII.

I Defy Cassion. Our progress was slow against the swift current of the St. Lawrence, and we kept close to the overhanging bank, following the guldance of the leading canoe. We were the second in line, and no longer overcrowded, so that I had ample room to rest at ease upon a pile of blankets, and gaze about me with interest on the changing scene.

Ahead of us, now sweeping around the point like a wild bird, amid a smother of spray, appeared the advance canoe. As it disappeared I could distinguish D'Artigny at the stern, his coat off, his hands grasping a paddle. Above the point once more and in smoother water, I was aware that he turned and looked back, shading his eves from the sun. I could not but wonder what he thought, what possible suspicion had come to him, regarding my presence in the company. In some manner I must keep him away from Cassion-ay, and from Chevet-until opportunity came from

me to first communicate with him. Insensibly my head rested back against the pile of blankets, the glint of sunshine along the surface of the water vanished as my lashes fell, and, before I knew it. I slept soundly. I awoke with the sun in the western sky, so low down as to peep at me through the upper branches of trees lining the bank. Behind us stretched a space of straight water, and one canoe was close, while the second was barely visible along a curve of the shore. Ahead, however, the river appeared vacant, the leading boat hav ing vanished around a wooded bend. My eyes met those of Cassion, and the sight of him instantly restored me to a recollection of my plan - nothing could be gained by open warfare. permitted my lips to smile, and noted instantly the change of expression in his face.

"I have slept well, monsleur," said pleasantly, "for I was very tired." "'Tis the best way on a boat voyage," assuming his old manner, "but now the day is nearly done,"

As we skirted the extremity of shore saw the opening in the woods, and the gleam of a cheerful fire amid green grass. The advance cance swung half horse and rider as he jumped, save for hidden amid the overhanging roots of the man's pith helmet which he grass. The advance canoe swung half a huge pine tree, and the men were busily at work ashore. As we nosed narrow margin. grasped by waiting Indians and drawn safely ashore. I reached my feet, stiffened, and scarcely able to move my limbs, but determined to land without aid of Cassion, whose passage forward was blocked by Chevet's huge try on the basis of the then despised bulk. As my weight rested on the light-colored salmon. This man had

no more than a penniless adventurer; I might be well to question him and I down from behind the chief, and ex-

"A slight spring," be said, "and you land with dry feet; good! now let me lift you-so.

I had but the instant; I knew that, for I heard Cassion cry out something just behind me, and, surprised as I was by the sudden appearance of D'Artigny, I yet realized the necessity for swift speech. "Monsieur," I whispered. "Do not

me?" "AT!" "Then ask nothing, and above al

talk, but listen. You would serve

do not quarrel with Cassion. I will tell you everything the moment I can



Before I Knew It I Slept Soundly.

ee you safely alone. Until then do not seek me. I have your word?" He did not answer, for the commis saire grasped my arm, and thrust himself in between us, his action so swift that the impact of his body thrust D'Artigny back a step. I saw the hand of the younger man close on the knife hilt at his belt, but was quick and now the time had come for me to enough to avert the hot words burning

"A bit rough, Monsieur Cassion," I part of my game to anger the man. cried, laughing merrily, even as I rewas near falling, and it was but gny to extend me his hand. It does not please me for you to be ever seeking a quarrel."

There must have been that in my face which cooled him, for his hand fell, and his thin lips curled into sarcastic smile.

"If I seemed hasty," he exclaimed, it was more because I was blocked that boor of a Chevet yonder, and It angered me to have this young gamecock ever at hand to push in. What think you you were employed for, fellow-an esquire of dames? Was there not work enough in the camp yonder, that you must be testing your fancy graces every time a boat lands?"

There was no mild look in D'Artigny's eyes as he fronted him, yet he held his temper, recalling my plea, no doubt, and I hastened to step between and furnish him excuse for slience. "Surely you do wrong to blame the young man, monsieur, as but for his aid I would have slipped yonder.

There is no cause for hard words, not do I thank you for making me a subject of quarrel. Is it my tent they erect yonder?" "Ay," there was little graciousness to the tone, for the man had the na-

that it be brought for your use; and if Monsieur d'Artigny will consent to stand aside, it will give me pleasure to escort you thither." The younger man's eyes glanced from the other's face into mine, as though seeking reassurance. His hat was instantly in his hand, and he

ture of a bully. "'Twas my thought

stepped backward, bowing low. "The wish of the lady is sufficient," he said quietly, and then stood again erect, facing Cassion. "Yet," he added slowly, "I would remind monsieur that while I serve him as a guide, it is as a volunteer, and I am also an

DESERVED TO KEEP HIS LIFE | which the fish came in great numbers

Hunted Boar Showed Much Clever ness in Making His Escape When Hard Pressed by Pursuer. The boar is a terrible enemy, and

also an alarmingly agile one. An Eng-

lish sportsman tells of a splendid escape made by one of these creatures in India. This boar, which had been hard pressed, galloped into a nullah, a very sharp, deep cut, more like a narrow chasm than a ravine. Down this, along

the bottom of it, he raced, followed by a man on a swift horse. The banks on each side overhanging the boar were six feet or more in height. Suddenly the creature turned a sharp corner, which hid him from Then, by a tremendous effort

he scaled the bank and gained the top. He turned short around, leaned the entire width of the nullah, and landed safely on the other side, clearing both knocked off. He had escaped by a

Salmon of Fast Color. And in this connection comes story, which is fairly well authenti cated, of how one of the salmon kings try on the basis of the then despised looking straight into his eyes. "He is dees bid me go by St. Ignace. Yet it edge of the cance, D'Artigny swung put up his cannery at a location past it in the other."

"Of France? Pabl of the renegade

A Romance of

Early Days in

the Middle West

"France has no more loyal servant, Monsieur Cassion, in all this western land-nor is he renegade, for he holds the Illinois at the king's command." "Held it-yes; under Frontenac, but

"We will not quarrel over words, yet not even in Quebec was it claimed that higher authority than La Barre's had led to recall. Louis had never interfered, and it is De Tonty, and not De Baugis who is in command at St. Louis by royal order. My right to respect of rank is clearer than your own, monsteur, so I beg you curb your

"You threaten me?" "No; we who live in the wilderness do not talk, we act. I obey your orders, do your will, on this expedition, but as a man, not a slave. In all else we stand equal, and I accept insult from he living man. 'Tis well that you know this, monsieur,"

The hat was back upon his head, and he had turned away before Cassion found answering speech. "Mon Dieu! I'll show the pup who

s the master." he muttered. him disobey once, and I'll stretch his dainty form as I would an Indian "Monsieur." I said, drawing his at-

tention to my presence. "Tis of no interest to me your silly quarrel with Sieur d'Artigny. I am weary with the boat journey, and would rest until food is served."

I walked beside him among the trees, and across the patch of grass to where the tent stood against a background of rock. D'Artigny had disappeared, although I glanced about in search for him, as Cassion drew aside the tent flap, and peered within. He appeared pleased at the way in which his orders had been executed.

"'Tis very neat, indeed, monsieur," I said pleasantly, glancing inside, "I we you my thanks." "Twas brought for my own use," he confessed, encouraged by my gra clousness, "for, as you know, I had

no previous warning that you were

to be of our party. Please step with-I did so, yet turned instantly to pre vent his following me. Already I had determined on my course of action, speak him clearly; yet now that I had definite purpose in view it was no

"Monsieur." I said soberly "I must leased my arm. "Why so much haste? beg your mercy. I am but a girl, and alone. It is true I am your wife by courtesy which led the Sieur d'Arti- law, but the change has come so suddenly that I am yet dazed. I appeal o you as a gentleman."

He stared into my face, scarcely omprehending all my meaning. "You would bar me without? You

forbid me entrance?" "Would you seek to enter against my wish?"

"But you are my wife; that you will not deny! What will be said, thought,

if I go elsewhere?" "Monsieur, save for Hugo Chevet, none in this company know the story of that marriage, or why I am here What I ask brings no stain upon you. 'Tis not that I so dislike you, monsieur, but I am the daughter of Pierre la Chesnayne, and 'tis not in my blood to yield to force. It will be best to

yield me respect and consideration." "You are a sly wench," he said, aughing unpleasantly, "but it may be est that I give you your own way for this once. There is time enough in which to teach you my power. And so you shut the tent to me, fair lady, in spite of your pledge to Holy church. Ah, well! there are storms a plenty between here and St. Ignace, and you will become lonely enough in the wilderness to welcome me. One kiss, and

leave you." "No, monsieur." His eyes were ugly.
"You refuse that! Mon Dieu! Do you think I play? I will have the

dss-or more.

Will the girl wife win this opening battle with her witsshe has no other defense-or must she succumb to the strength and brutality of Cassion?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

on their way in to spawn. He was

right in his selection of a site and the salmon were caught in vast quantities. They were all, however, of the light pink variety, and the fisherman was in despair. At that time no lightcolored salmon had been shipped and the demand everywhere was for salmon of an almost red hue. The man

canned his catch and sold it by means of a label which implied that it was the only sanitary fish on the market. The label read: "This salmon is war ranted not to turn red in the can." The most of the catch went to the southern states, and the drummers selling it did their business so well that in many of the cities of that locality you can hardly sell a red salmon. The people think it is spoiled, and has, there-

Making Money Fly. "The Pittsburgh papers publish great deal of Broadway gossip." "You know why that is, don't you?

fore, turned red in the can.-Christian

"That's to let the home folks know what the Pittsburgh millionaires are loing when they are out of town."

"Age is a good thing in wine, but a ad thing in women. Now, why?" "Because while you can't put it down in one, you have to put up with

THE EUROPEAN WAR A

July 3, 1915. German artillery furiously be arded whole Franco-British front. French repulsed two attacks near

Teutona drove Russians beyond or river and took Studzianki. Italians repulsed near Folazzo

and Sagrado. German submarine sank five British and one Belgian steamers Russian submarine sank three Turkish vessels in Black sea. J. P. Morgan shot by Erich

July 4, 1915. Hot artillery actions near Nieu-

port and Steenstracte. Teutons attacked fiercely along the Bug and took heights near

Krasnik

April.

cial navigation,

by submarine.

Muenter, German-American.

Battle raging along Isonzo river between Caporetto and Gradisca. General attack by Turks in south ern Gallipoli repulsed by allies. French steamer Carthage sunk

July 5, 1915. Germans took French trenches

in Forest of Le Protre. Russians made desperate stand

between Pruth and Dniester riv Italians shelled Malborgeth and

Austrians defeated by Russians northeast of Krasnik.

July 6, 1915. British expelled Germans from trenches near Pilkem held since

Teutonic drive in East slackened Italians gained ground on Carso plateau and repulsed Austrian at tacks. Italy closed Adriatic to commer

July 7, 1915. Russians, strongly re-enforced, checked Teutonic advance toward

Lublin railway. Austrians repulsed repeated Italan attacks on Doberdo plateau. Terrific bombardment of Goritz bridgehead.

Allies won furious fight in south part of Gallipoli.

Austrian submarine. U. S. government took over the Sayville wireless plant.

July 8, 1915. French took 800 yards of trenches north of Souther

near Pilkem Russians forced back Austrians

north of Krasnik, Teutons checked on lower Zlota Lipa river. Italians repulsed attacks in Car-

Last German forces In Southwest Africa surrendered to General Botha. July 9, 1915.

French made gains in the Vosges near Fontenelle. Italians bombarded Platzwisce fort in Ansici valley.

Turks and Arabs threaten Aden.

British advanced north of Ypres.

Plety After Slaughter. The familiar story of the sharpshooter who said after each shot, "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul!" is matched by an incident de scribed in Ian Malcolm's book, "War Pictures Behind the Lines." "The captain of our guns," says the narrative was a priest: his altar a few empty cartridge boxes. . . First of all he told us to pray for all for whom he was going to offer the mass. Then he added, 'Particularly I recommend

Satisfactory Test. "So you want to marry my daughter, eh?" said the old man. "Do you think you have the patience and forbearance to make her a kind and in-

to your prayers the artillerymen whom

we have just destroyed,' and he recited

the 'De Profundis.'

dulgent husband?" "Surest thing you know," replied the applicant for the son-in-law job. "I an button a collar on a shirt that is half a size larger, without getting angry, and-"

"Say no more," interrupted the old man; "she's yours. Take her, my son, and my blessing goes with her. -Unidentified.

Not Guilty. "We eat too much?" "We do?" "And we sleep too much."

"Yea?"

"And we don't take enough exer-"Don't we?" "Have you ever thought of these

der to run three-quarters of a mile to catch a car."

"No. I get up at six o'clock and

frequently miss my breakfast in or-

Miss Jane Addams contradicted, at Hull house, in Chicago, the idea that poverty and hardship are good developers of character. "Adversity brings people out, yes," said the great philanthropist, "but at

The Modern Tourist.

"Did Mr. Chuggina keep a notebook on his travels?" "Yes. But all he wrote in it was the number of blowouts he had and the amount of fines he paid."

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"Why did you discharge your chauffeur? Wasn't he a good one?" "Fine. But he took too much time WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY

The Drawback,

Hair Dressing and change it in

"What is the subscription price of your paper?" asked the stranger, en-

editor briskly. "Do you cater to any particular class of readers?" "Yes; to those who have the two

Caustic Rebuke There is loud chuckling in British naval circles over the latest story: 'Somewhere in the North sea" a certain flotilla was ordered to proceed to sea for gunnery practice. During the practice a heavy fog came on, and the ship whose turn it was to fire did not sight the target until within 300 yards' range. She immediately opened fire. and blew the target clean out of the water. The senior officer of the flo-tilla, who is noted for his caustic tongue, thereupon made the following signal to the vessel in question: "S. O. to captain of --: Why did you not proceed closer and bite it?"

Two Saxon cavalrymen were overbeard in conversation. One was a big fellow from a guard regiment, the other was a little fellow-a hussar. Each

was standing up for his corps. But the last word was with the big guardsman. "Do you know, you runt," said he, that when a company of you pygmies come along and you find a guard's cast-off boot lying on the road, your captain calls out: 'Look out for the

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off to go to jail." Italian cruiser Amalfi sunk by is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Cre-ole" Hair Dressing and change it is the natural way. Price \$1.00 .- Adv. tering the editorial sanctum. British repulsed German attacks "Two dollars a year," replied the

dollars."